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## Charles Sumner, Obit. March 11, 1874.

O proud, sad Mother, mourn today  
Your noblest son;  
He fell at close of the mad fray,  
And, dying, won.

You often hurt him with your scorn;  
Your thoughtless blows  
Dealt wounds he might have lightly borne  
From open foes.

He served you truly, for he gave  
His life for thee;  
Unthinking if men thought him brave—  
Content to be

Disowned, defamed, misjudged, maligned,  
If only you  
Would never to his love be blind;  
Never untrue

To that high mission which he felt  
Was yours to urge,  
Until the final blow was dealt  
By Freedom's scourge:

Until the eyes of waiting men  
Should early see  
That Slavery's chains had broken been,  
The bond set free.

O proud, sad Mother, take him back  
With loving arms!  
Snatched from worse tortures than the rack,  
From wild alarms,

That once his dauntless spirit met  
With force a-field,  
He comes, with armor bruised and wet,  
Upon his shield!

O proud, sad Mother, fold him close  
To your warm breast;  
No more for him are friends or foes—  
O give him rest!

(W. L. BRIGHAM in Boston Courier.)

## The Meistersingers.

[Read at the Meeting of the Tonic Sol-fa College, London, December, 1873, by MR. COLIN BROWN, Euing Lecturer on Music, Andersonian University, Glasgow.]

To do justice to the story of the Meistersingers of Germany, their work, and its results, this subject should come in at the close of a series of lectures, and not in an isolated form as at present I am obliged to take it up. It is a portion of the great history of popular music, one which commences with the first annals of our race, which is interwoven with the history of all nations, and all peoples, from the remotest ages. This story has come down to us in an unbroken stream, as varied in its forms as have been the circumstances of the kingdoms and communities who have flourished in the word. Yet in its main features the story of popular music has been, and still is, as one. This long chain of history, written, and unwritten, can be traced under two general heads: BARDS AND MINSTRELS: two orders, in some aspects quite separate and distinct, in others often united, and so widely diffused that it would not be easy to name a country where, or a time when, these orders did not exist. Till the invention of letters, indeed we may say, till the invention of the art of printing, and the general spread of knowledge among the people, the bards were the sole depositaries and remembrancers of their country's annals, chronicles, and music. To them we are still indebted for the earliest history of our race, not only secular, but in Holy Writ itself. They were the judges and law-givers among the nations, the counsellors and advisers of kings and rulers, the uni-

versal authorities in all questions of genealogies, titles, and boundaries of land, and in all subjects referring to the nations at large, and to families in particular. They were the instructors of the people, the founders of the earliest schools and colleges. The records of the bards of Wales, Ireland, and Scotland, are well known, they go back to the remotest antiquity, and come down to our times. I have heard the bardic lore of my Highland home, which was always written in poetry, chanted and sung, to instruct and interest the circle round a patriarchal, though homely fire-side on a winter evening, just as of old it was wont to be narrated to nobles and monarchs. And only quite recently our worthy President was admitted as Pen Gaerth into the brotherhood of the Eisteddod, which is the lineal representative in our day of the venerable college of the Welsh Bards.

But I must pass to the cognate order of Minstrels. The term minstrel signifies, especially, a singer to his own accompaniment upon a stringed or other instrument. Their order is coeval with the bards, they were true musicians, and the most venerable on record. Bards might, or might not be musicians, minstrels always were; they had not to bear the onerous duties, and varied responsibilities of the bards; their theme usually appeared in the lighter form of the ballad, and the lyric.

If Moses was the Bard of the Wilderness, Miriam was the Minstrel, and their song after the passage of the Red Sea is among the finest ever sung. David, the Shepherd of Bethlehem, was the Prince of Minstrels, not only as the King, but as the Sweet Singer of Israel. His songs have come down to us as a precious legacy: who has not known their power? who has not felt their charm?

Under the term Minstrel, many thoughts arise; I cannot refer to them, but must pass on to Mediæval times. About the eleventh century a race of minstrels arose in Provence, in the South of France, whose work originated some of the strangest episodes, not only in the history of music, but of the world. The object to which they applied themselves, was the reformation of abuses of all kinds which existed in the country, and in the church; they were poets, and musicians, and wrote and sung short sonnets exposing and satirizing all the vices and abuses of the times. Their talents opened up their way everywhere. Specially were they welcome at the courts of kings and nobles, where their songs and music instructed and entertained the company. Their gifts and powers were usually put to the test by a subject being given to them, on which they were to improvise and sing, unless, perhaps, they had some suitable words and music already prepared: if not, they composed, when asked, words or music, or both. If so, they announced their intentions by the preface, "Je trouve les mots et la musique," "I find the words and music," using the modest expression, "Je trouve," "I find," instead of "I invent," or "compose," hence the name from "trouve," *Trouvères*. These *Trouvères*, though comparatively little known, exerted the greatest influence on their country, and upon the history of music. Among them were to be found men varied in position but foremost in talent, many being of the highest standing. They have had their representatives in many lands and ages: the Wedderburns of Dundee, were the *Trouvères* of Scotland, in early Reformation times. These *Trouvères* of a thousand years ago introduced a new era in the history of music, and deserves much more notice than they have ever received. After

the bursting of the bubble of the Crusades—one of the grandest but most extraordinary schemes of the Papacy—the nations of Europe became possessed with the most absurd notions of chivalry, and the knights, returned from Palestine, having no longer to do battle with Turk and Saracen infidels, seemed to feel at a loss how to expend their zeal, and show their prowess. Of all things conceivable or inconceivable, what should they turn to, but usurp the functions of the *Trouvères*. They held great tournaments, not with the sword and lance, but with the more peaceful weapons of poetry and music, in which they recounted their wondrous adventures in foreign lands, their battles for the cross and deeds of chivalry. As many of these knights were not much skilled in song, they did the singing by proxy, and engaged jongleurs to accompany them and proclaim their fame. I would gladly refer to these jongleurs (jugglers), who are still literally represented among us with their instrument or rote, by the most unpoetical hurdygurdy man.

I would also like to refer to the waites, among the earliest order of minstrels, and who still cheer us in the lonely night; but I must pass on. These strange poetical and musical knights errant, or wandering warriors, were called Troubadours, from the verb "troubar," which in the dialect of Provence is the form of "trouver," or "find." The French Troubadour, and the Italian Trovatore both have the same meaning: the Finder. The Troubadours soon assumed a special function, and undertook the great work of the reformation of abuses, the renovation of morals, and the elevation of public sentiment in their country. The particular means by which they sought to accomplish these great ends was by raising the position of woman to her proper sphere; their songs were therefore devoted to the praise of beauty, love, chastity, and every virtue that can adorn the sex. The strange infatuation of knight-errantry spread over Europe. In Spain especially their mad notions of chivalry rendered them deaf to all reason or common sense; nothing but ridicule could meet the case; the state of the times called forth the satire of Cervantes, who in his inimitable romance of Don Quixote, with his Sancho Panza,—doing battle with the windmills for his Dulcinea,—exposed the absurdity of the popular delusion, and led to its downfall.

The rage of the Troubadours spread to Germany. Here they were called Minnesingers, or love singers; their constant theme was love and beauty,—the vital element of their songs being much the same as the Troubadours, of France; but with the German Minnesingers there was something more pure, more ideal, more deep, and more refined than with the French. Among them were many of the most noble, most learned, and most refined of the land. They sang at the courts of kings, and princes, who protected the Arts. They engaged in poetical contests for the gratification of the nobles and ladies of the court, and from this time must we date the earliest development of German poetry, German Song, and German refinement. The most notable event in the whole history of the Minnesingers, was the great poetical contest or tournament constantly referred to in German story as the Battle of Wartburg. It led to most important results in the history of Music, and is the frequent theme of German tradition and romance to this day; but truth and mysticism have got so mixed up with the story, that we cannot tell how much is reliable and how much is

nonsense. It took place at the court of the Landgrave of Thuringia, which was the focus of literature and of art in the beginning of the 13th Century. It was a poetic battle in which the most illustrious Knights and Minnesingers of the time, and an innumerable company of minstrels took part. Of these the most distinguished were afterwards called the Meistersingers, and their works laid the foundation for the cultivation of popular music in Germany.

Towards the latter end of the 14th Century the songs of the Minnesingers were turned from songs of love to songs of the Church; the priests of Rome saw their power over the people, and soon turned it to their own purposes. This led to the decline of the order of Minnesingers, and on the accession of the house of Hapsburg to the Imperial throne, in 1273, troublous times came upon Germany, and the knights were called to arms to put down lawlessness and troubles in their country. The last Minnesinger may be said to be Conrad, of Wartsburg. By this time the whole face of society was changed, poetry and music had ceased among the nobles, feuds and troubles prevailed in the land. But while kings and knights were in perplexity, a new era was dawning on Germany. Industry and the arts of peace began to appear in the towns and cities, and to be cultivated by the burghers, who established everywhere guilds and corporations for the encouragement and improvement of their various crafts. As is still common in the Highlands of Scotland and Ireland, these worthy burghers were in the habit of assembling during the long winter evenings, to hear the tales, legends, and stories of old times, to chant the poems of the bards, and to sing the songs of the minstrels; chief among these were the poetry and music of the Minnesingers. These evening social meetings of the German burghers speedily led to important results. With true matter of fact, and a view to the practical, they founded a Guild or Corporation for the improvement and encouragement of learning, poetry, and music. In all the chief cities of Germany these guilds or societies soon appeared, they met at regular times, discussed the lays, lyrics, ballads and songs, the legacy left to the German people by the Minnesingers; they established Sing Schules, or Sang Schules, as they were called in Scotland, for the instruction in poetry and music of young aspirants to membership of their Guild; and thus seem to have been the first to have, in a common-sense way, brought the fine arts of poetry and music within the range of popular education. Their rules and regulations were founded upon the examples left to them in the works of twelve great Minnesingers, some of whom were champions at the Battle of Wartsburg. These twelve great authorities they designated as their masters. They were the original Meistersingers. The name the guilds adopted for themselves was the Friends of Master Song, but the people soon applied to these guilds themselves the name of Meistersingers, an appellation they well deserved. The twelve original Meistersingers were, 1st. Heinrich Frauenlob, D. D., Meutz, 1270 to 1317; 2nd. Heinrich Møgelung, D. D., Prague; 3rd. Nicholas Klingesor, M. A. 1207, one of the special heroes of Wartsburg; 4th. Poppo (or Poppser), the strong, a Glass Burner, 1285; 5th. Walter Von der Vogelweid, Landed Proprietor, a hero of Wartsburg, 1198 to 1238; 6th. Robin Wolfgang, Knight, another hero of Wartsburg; 7th. Hans Ludwig Marner, Nobleman, 1246 to 1267; 8th. Barthen Ragen Vagen, Smith, Meutz, 1317; 9th. Sigmar, the Wise, otherwise "The Roman of Zwickau;" 10th. Conrad Jäger, Musician of Wartsburg, 1273 to 1287; 11th. \*M. Cantzler, a Fisher of Styria, 1300; 12th. Steffan Stoll, or "old Stoll," a Ropemaker, 1256, to 1275.

\*This Fisher of Styria, is believed to be Heinrich Von Klingenberg, who by his great talents became Cantzler, or Chancellor of the Empire, to Rudolph, of Hapsburg.

It will be observed that only a part of these heroes were among the Minnesingers at the Battle of Wartsburg, others lived towards the end of the 13th Century, and towards the close of the era of the order.

The worthy German burghers set themselves to systematize art by drawing up a code of rules for the guidance of Meistersingers, and for the instruction of youth. Their regulations were founded upon the principles and examples of the ancient champions. These rules were 33 in number, and while to some extent they are characterized by the peculiarities of the school-men of the age, they are deeply interesting as being the earliest attempt we know of, to systematize and develop true art in poetry and music. These rules were formed into a code, or table, which they called the tabulatur, or, Latin, *Tabulatura*; they are distinguished by careful discrimination, sound judgment, and common sense. They declared first that nothing was to be admitted before their guild, except what was founded upon true religion, and sound morals. Any breach of this regulation led to the singer, or candidate "unsinging himself," that is, he was thrown out as a competitor for any prize. Any indelicate or improper allusions, or any language of "double entendre," led to immediate expulsion from the guild. When we think of the state of morals of the age, as illustrated by the songs and ballads then fashionable, and common in all countries,—and in none more than our own,—how noble and elevating is the contrast that these regulations exhibit! Next in order come the considerations of purity and correctness of language. Nothing but the best German,—judged of by the highest standards,—was admissible. It is expressly stated that the varied "twang," or accents of different countries and nationalities would not be considered a fault, provided the language was pure, and free from errors in construction, and vulgarisms in expression. Every fault in rhythm and rhyme was minutely attended to; all false quantities of words, false measures, perversions, or twistings of words,—so as to make them rhyme,—were marked down. Inarticulate and unintelligible singing was a special fault; however good the music, if the words could not be heard, and understood, it must go for nothing, the candidate had "unsung himself." So also in melody, all erroneous measures, accents, progressions, bad cadences, difficult intervals, and all extraneous, or needless ornamentation, were severely censured. How far seeing, and improving were such regulations; and how much are they needed in our own day! Let us profit by them.

[Conclusion next time.]

### The Art Theories of Richard Wagner.

(Continued from the London Musical Standard.)

1. *Richard Wagner*. By Edward Dannreuther. (Augener & Co.)
2. *The Music of the Future*. A Letter to M. Frederic Villot by Richard Wagner. Translated by Edward Dannreuther, (Schott and Co.)

A verbal text of literary merit having admittedly been constructed by Wagner for himself, it remains to state the process of combining words and music which is described as his, or would be adopted as a consequence of his theories. We believe it is more or less the case, as already intimated, that Wagner himself conceives, or aims at conceiving, both simultaneously; practically, however, it can scarcely be possible not to give priority of birth to the words, for these alone can fix the created idea with any exactness; and in Wagner's own case, it is a fact that the book has been finished, and printed, before the music has been actually composed, though first vague conceptions of the attendant music may have accompanied the birth of the words. But whatever may be Wagner's own method of procedure, the fixing of the subject matter by actual composition of the book is so obvi-

ously the practical method that it must in the end prevail, as it does at present. The case, too, must not be overlooked where, as nearly always at present, the "poet" and musician concerned in the composition of opera are not the same person: under these circumstances the literary matter must of necessity precede the musical. At any rate the possibility of poetry being written to the precomposed music of an opera is too preposterous to be entertained. Some one, we believe, proposed such a thing, to Schumann in regard to Mozart's operas, but it was given up as utterly impracticable.

Taking it then as certain that, with the carrying out of Wagner's theories, the "book" must (as at present) be firstborn, it is next to consider the manner in which, so far as can be gathered from what has been published on the subject, the musical position of the new artwork would be arrived at; the genesis of the Wagnerian melos. It is better, at this point, to let another's voice than our own speak; and we therefore quote from Mr. Dannreuther the following description of the process of writing music to words in the manner of Wagner. He says, after speaking of alliterative poetry—

When a poet conceives this sort of verse—and indeed the fact holds good, though in a lesser degree, with all sorts of verse—he is never without some sense of harmony in connection with the melody of his words. And at this point the musician, whose art enables him to give precise expression to the vaguely conceived harmonies of the poet, steps in; on the basis of this harmony he proceeds to fix the exact melody pertaining to the verse, and thus finally to complete the desire for poetical expression.

Such, as described by Mr. Dannreuther, who is Wagner's principal exponent in England, is the process by which Wagner's voice-part for the declamation of operatic text would be arrived at. Not pausing at present to point out what we conceive to be the fatal looseness of the description, we complete the section of our subject which relates to the nature of Wagner's creative plans, by quotation of the terms in which, under several heads, Mr. Dannreuther has described them. First he describes the—

*General Shape of the Drama.*—The mythical subject-matter has a plastic unity; it is perfectly simple and easily comprehensible, and it does not stand in need of the numberless small details, which a modern playwright is obliged to introduce to make some historical occurrence intelligible. It is divided into a few important and decisive scenes, in each of which the action arises spontaneously from out of the emotions of the actors; which emotions, by reason of the small number of such scenes, can be presented in a most complete and exhaustive manner. In planning these scenes according to the distinctive nature of the mythical subject-matter, it is unnecessary to take any preliminary account of specific musical forms as the opera has them—arias, duets, ensemble pieces, &c.—for as the myths are in themselves emotional, and as the dramatist moulds them in accordance with and under the influence of the spirit of music, they resolve themselves, as it were quite spontaneously, into musical diction. No phase of emotion is touched upon, in any one of the scenes, which does not stand in some important relation to the emotion of all the rest; so that the development of the phases from one another, and their necessary sequence, constitute the unity of expression in the drama.

*Musical Form.*—Each of the phases of emotion just spoken of has for its outcome some clearly marked and decided musical expression, some characteristic musical theme; and just as there is an intimate connection between the phases of emotion, so an intimate interlacing of the musical themes takes place, which interlacing spreads itself not only over an entire scene or part of a scene, but over the whole extent of the drama. It is never made use of for the display of any purely musical combinations *per se*, but it is always in the closest relationship and most complete union with the poet's dramatic intentions. Thus, that wonderful power by which a great musician can make his phrase undergo metamorphosis after metamorphosis,



without losing its character as the expression of some distinct emotion, is here developed to a hitherto unknown extent; and the means of dramatic expression are, in consequence, infinitely widened and enlarged.

Shall we say what is uncomplimentary to Mr. Dannreuther, or only exhibiting our own want of penetration, if we state that we are unable to understand more than half of the preceding quotation? Leaving the solution of the alternative to the reader, we must repeat the confession. We cannot, after many readings, more than half comprehend this description of Wagner's *modus operandi*.

And first, as to the special adaptability of myths for musical drama, here again alluded to. If it be one of the results of Wagner's theory that none but mythic subjects are workable in combination with music on the terms he stipulates, it must at least be noted as part of the price paid for adopting Wagnerism that the musician's choice of subjects for a libretto is narrowed down to a corner of literature. But in truth we regard the whole proposition as in the highest degree hazy and fanciful. What can be the meaning, in plain words, of the statement that "myths are in themselves emotional," and "resolve themselves, as it were quite spontaneously, into musical diction?" We give it up. This we do the more readily because, unless the object of Mr. Dannreuther's pamphlet be—not to show that Wagner's general theory is tenable and practicable—but to show that no other method but Wagner's, in all its details, can be good, there seems no reason for an attempt to prove that myth alone is a proper subject for musical drama. Surely that question may rest for practical demonstration. *Soleatur ambulando.* Let Wagner construct libretti from German myths, and leave it to time to determine whether some one else may not do the same from history or social life. But here it occurs to us that more seems to be proved under this head than Wagner himself would care to have proved. If "myths" are the only proper subject of opera, how is it that Wagner has given us "Die Meistersinger," a drama of domestic city life?

The paragraph we have quoted describing Wagner's "musical form" is more intelligible, and well deserving of careful consideration. Those who have said, over and over again, that Wagner discards form, are, we believe, as entirely mistaken, in effect, as it is possible to be. He discards the square-cut conventional forms of ordinary opera, but he substitutes what is as truly form, though it be less palpable. That "interlacing of musical themes not only over an entire scene, but over the whole extent of the drama," of which Mr. Dannreuther speaks, is as ingenious in its artificiality as the most devoted contrapuntist could desire; it is all pervading in the later Wagnerian scores, and its presence makes the score as full of complex contrivance and pattern as any existing art-work in music. "Form" in the sense in which we use the word with reference to a sonata or symphony there is not; but what can be more absurd, what more purblind, than not to see that "form" is multiplicate, variable, inexhaustible; sometimes on the surface, sometimes under the surface; now in the general outline, now in the detail; in one tree visible in the conformation of its branches, in another perceptible only by inspection of its leaves? The observations of some critics remind us of men who can only see "form" when they stand among the shaped lawns and measured flower beds of an Italian garden, and think that they have left it behind when they reach a heath and furze and fern-covered common. If they would only stoop down and pick a fern frond they would find as much "form" in their hands as is spread over the whole system of parterres in the Crystal Palace gardens. We pass on to another point—

*Melody.*—Wagner's melody has undergone many a metamorphosis. It is only since he was led by

the nature of his mythical subjects to adopt the alliterative verse just spoken of, that his manner of procedure has been ultimately determined. In his youth he tried to embody Schumann's maxim, "You must invent original and bold melodies;" but the more he came to derive his form of musical expression direct from the legendary matter chosen for dramatic presentation, the less he troubled himself to appear "original." In "Rienzi," his first published opera, we find, with little exception, Italian and French *grand opéra* phraseology à la Spontini. In "Der fliegende Holländer," the story of which is legendary, the melody often approaches the "Volkslied." It is a rhythmical backbone, as it were, which "Rienzi" lacks. In "Tannhäuser," and still more in "Lohengrin," the melody grows from out of the verse. In both these works, it is not so much any melodic peculiarity as the emotion expressed by the melodious phrase, that attracts the listener. The fault of modern verse, pointed out above—its want of real rhythmical precision—inevitably told upon the melody. But Wagner managed to increase its power enormously by the employment of characteristic harmonies. He individualized it by means of significant accompaniments, and thus rendered it highly efficient for his dramatic purpose. Alliterative verse has at last given to his melody what was still wanting—a *rhythmical animation* which is fully justified by the nature of the verse. The use of alliteration, and *nota bene* of the melody springing from it, innovation as it certainly is, sprang, like all his innovations, direct from the supreme artistic instinct with which he masters the subject-matter congenial to him, and was not in any sense the result of abstract speculation. Most musicians will be aware of the fact that if a composer writes the accompaniments to a vocal phrase in such a manner that those vocal notes which are essential to the harmony are omitted in the instrumental portion, the result is disastrous; both the vocal and the instrumental parts will sound incomplete; the fact being that our ear invariably takes special and separate notice of the human voice, the color of which is at all times totally and absolutely distinct and different from the color of the orchestral instruments. It is upon this fact that Wagner bases his procedure; he allows his vocal melody, independent of the orchestral melody, to grow directly from out of the verse. He intends it to be nothing but an intensified version of the actual sounds of rhythmical speech,

This, and the paragraph first quoted in the present article, are the passages from Mr. Dannreuther which relate to Wagner's melody—"the Wagnerian melos," as it has got to be called. And here we do not concern ourselves with its development, or care anything for its successive phases as exemplified in this opera or that. What the world is interested in is the fully developed article. We are told, in the first short quotation above, that when a poet conceives alliterative verse—"and indeed," says Mr. Dannreuther, with an air of concession, "the fact holds good, though in a lesser degree, with all sorts of verse"—he is never without some sense of harmony in connection with the melody of his words. We have read this statement a hundred times, without being able a bit the more to accept it. The notion that a poet "vaguely conceives harmonies," in any musical sense, as an illustrative undercurrent when he writes verses is, to our mind, utterly imaginary. Are we to understand that the poet, while using language as his art material, formulates or half formulates, as he proceeds, a coincident expression of his ideas in sound-work? If so, why not also in colors? And why may we not say that he builds imaginary architectural embodiments of his ideas also, as he proceeds? No doubt a poet, if he be also susceptible to music, painting, sculpture, architecture, may occasionally, during the progress of language-structure, have parallel ideas in music, painting, or architecture dimly present: but to say that a poet is never without some sense of "harmony"—in the technical and musical sense—in connection with the "melody" of his words, is, we think, a most visionary postulate on which to build up a theory for the construction of illustrative melos. We might have thought that in speaking of "harmony" and "melody" in this extraordinary passage Mr. Dannreuther used the terms generally,

as they are often applied to other things than music; but no: we are told that "the musician's art enables him to give precise expression to the vaguely conceived harmonies of the poet"; that the musician now "steps in" and "on the basis of this harmony"—that is to say, the harmony supposed to be present in the poet's mind when he wrote the verses, "proceeds to fix the exact melody pertaining to the verse." If this is the only basis for Wagnerian melos we take leave to say it is baseless.

J. C.

(To be Continued.)

### In Weimar with Liszt.

FROM A YOUNG LADY'S LETTERS HOME.

(From the Atlantic Monthly.)

Weimar, May 1, 1873.

Last night I arrived in Weimar, and this evening I have been to the Theatre, which is very cheap here, and the first person I saw, sitting in a box opposite, was Liszt, from whom, as you know, I am bent on getting lessons, though it will be a difficult thing I fear, as I am told that Weimar is overcrowded with people who are on the same errand. I recognized Liszt from his portrait, and it entertained and interested me very much to observe him. He was making himself agreeable to three ladies, one of whom was very pretty. He sat with his back to the stage, not paying the least attention, apparently, to the play for he kept talking all the while himself, and yet no point of it escaped him, as I could tell by his expression and gestures. He is the most interesting and striking looking man imaginable. Tall and slight, with deep-set eyes, shaggy eyebrows, and long iron-gray hair, which he wears parted in the middle. His mouth turns up at the corners, which gives him a most crafty and Mephistophelian expression when he smiles, and his whole appearance and manner have a sort of Jesuitical elegance and ease. His hands are very narrow, with long and slender fingers that look as if they had twice as many joints as other people's. They are so flexible and supple that it makes you nervous to look at them. Anything like the polish of his manner I never saw. When he got up to leave the box, for instance, after his adieux to the ladies, he laid his hand on his heart and made his final bow,—not with affectation, or as in mere gallantry, but with a quiet courtliness which made you feel that no other way of bowing to a lady was right or proper. It was most characteristic. But the most extraordinary thing about Liszt is his wonderful variety of expression and play of feature. One moment his face will look dreamy, shadowy, tragic. The next he will be insinuating, amiable, ironical, sardonic; but always the same captivating grace of manner. He is a perfect study. I cannot imagine how he must look when he is playing. He is all spirit, but half the time, at least, a mocking spirit, I should say. I have heard the most remarkable stories about him already. When he walks out in Weimar he bows to everybody just like a king! The Grand Duke has presented him with a house beautifully situated on the park, and here he lives elegantly, free of expense, whenever he chooses to come to it.

Weimar, May 7, 1873.

There isn't a piano to be had in Weimar for love or money, as there is no manufactory, and the few there were to be disposed of were snatched up before I got here. So I have lost an entire week in hunting one up, and was obliged to go first to Erfurt and finally to Leipsic, before I could find one—and even that was sent over as a favor, after much coaxing and persuasion. I felt so happy when I fairly saw it in my room! As if I had taken a city! However, I met Liszt a few evenings ago at a little tea-party given by a friend and protégée of his to as many of his scholars as have arrived, I being asked with the rest. Liszt promised to come late. We only numbered seven. There were three young men and four young ladies, of whom three, including myself, were Americans. Five of the number had studied with Liszt before, and the young men are artists already before the public. To fill up the time till Liszt came, our hostess made us all play, one after the other, beginning with the latest arrival. . . . After we had each "exhibited," little tables were brought in and supper served. We were in the midst of it, and having a merry time, when the door suddenly opened and Liszt appeared. We all rose to our feet and he shook hands with everybody, without waiting to be introduced. Liszt looks as if he had been through everything, and has

a face *seamed* with experience. He is tall and very narrow, and wears a long abbé's coat reaching nearly down to his feet. He made me think of an old-time magician more than anything, and I felt that with a touch of his wand he could transform us all. After he had finished his greetings, he passed into the next room and sat down. The young men gathered round him and offered him a cigar, which he accepted and began to smoke. We others continued our nonsense where we were, and I suppose Liszt overheard our brilliant conversation, for he asked who we were, I think, and presently the lady of the house came out after Miss W. and me, the two American strangers, to take us in and present us to him. After the preliminary greeting we had some little talk. He asked me if I had been to Sophie Menter's concert in Berlin the other day. I said yes. He remarked that Miss Menter was a great favorite of his, and that the lady from whom I had brought a letter to him had done a good deal for her. I asked him if Sophie Menter was a pupil of his. He said no, he could not take the credit of her artistic success to himself. I heard afterward that he really had done ever so much for her, but he won't have it said that he teaches! After he had finished his cigar, Liszt got up and said, "America is now to have the floor," and requested Miss W. to play for him. This was a dreadful ordeal for us new arrivals, for we had not expected to be called upon. Miss W. had been up since five o'clock in the morning, and had travelled all day; and I had been without a piano for nearly a week. However, there was no getting off. A request from Liszt is a command, so we had to do as best we might. He is just like a monarch, and no one dares speak to him until he addresses one first, which I think no fun. He did not play to us at all, except when some one asked him if he had heard R. play that afternoon. R. is a young organist from Leipsic, who telegraphed to Liszt to ask him if he might come over and play to him on the organ. Liszt, with his usual amiability, answered that he might. "Oh," said Liszt with an indescribably comic look, "he improvised for me for a whole half-hour in this style,"—and then he got up and went to the piano, and without sitting down played some ridiculous chords in the middle of the key-board, and then little trills and turns away up in the treble, which made us all burst out laughing. Shortly after I had played I took my leave. Liszt had gone into the other room to smoke, and I didn't care to follow him, as I saw that he was tired and had no intention of playing to us. Our hostess told Miss W. and me to "slip out so that he would not perceive it." The next day he sent for me to come to him. So I trust that means that I have passed the Rubicon and that the magician intends to admit me into the "charmed circle" of young artists who cluster about him, but whom he does not "teach"—oh no!

Weimar, May 21, 1873.

Liszt is *so besieged* by people, and so tormented with applications, that I fear I should only have been sent away if I had come without Frau von S's letter of introduction, for he admires her extremely, and I judge she has much influence with him. He says people "fly in his face by dozens," and seem to think he is "only there to give lessons." He gives no paid lessons whatever, as he is much too grand for that, but if one has talent enough, and pleases him, he lets one come to him and play to him. I go to him every day, but I don't play more than twice a week, as I cannot prepare so much, but I listen to the others. Up to this point there have been only four in the class beside myself, and I am the only new one. From four to six p. m. is the time when he receives his scholars. The first time I went I did not play to him, but listened to the rest. Urspruch and Leitert, the two young men whom I met the other night, have studied with Liszt a long time, and both play superbly. Fräulein Schultz and Miss Gaul (of Baltimore) are also most gifted creatures. As I entered Liszt's *salon*, Urspruch was performing Schumann's *Symphonie Etuden*—an immense composition, and one that it took at least half an hour to go through. He played so splendidly that my heart sank down into the very depths. I thought I should never get on there. Liszt came forward and greeted me in a very friendly manner as I entered. He was in very good humor that day, and made some little witticisms. Urspruch asked him what title he should give to a piece he was composing. *Per astra ad astra*, said Liszt. This was such a good hit that I began to laugh, and he seemed to enjoy my appreciation of his little sarcasm. I did not play that time, as my piano had only just come, and I was not prepared to do so, but I went home and practiced tremendously for several days

on Chopin's *B minor Sonata*. It is a great piece, and one of his last works. When I thought I could play it, I went to Liszt, though with a trembling heart. I cannot tell you what it has cost me every time I have ascended his stairs. I can scarcely summon up courage to go there, and generally stand on the steps awhile before I can make up my mind to open the door and go in!

This day it was particularly trying, as it was really my first serious performance before him, and he speaks so very indistinctly that I feared I shouldn't understand his corrections, and that he would get out of patience with me, for he cannot bear to explain. I think he hates the trouble of speaking German, for he mutters his words and does not half finish his sentences. Yesterday when I was there he spoke to me in French all the time (though I do not speak it), and to the others in German,—one of his funny whims, I suppose.

Well, on this day the artists Leitert and Urspruch, and the young composer Metzdorf, who is always hanging about Liszt, were in the room when I came. They had probably been playing. At first Liszt took no notice of me beyond a greeting, till Metzdorf said to him, "Herr Doctor, Miss F. has brought a sonata." "Ah well, let us hear it," said Liszt. Just then he left the room for a minute, and I told the three gentlemen that they ought to go away and let me play to Liszt alone, for I felt nervous about playing before them. They all laughed at me and said they would not budge an inch. When Liszt came back they said to him, "Only think, Herr Doctor, Miss F. proposes to send us all home." I said I could not play before such great artists. "Oh, that is healthy for you," said Liszt with a smile, and added, "you have a very choice audience now." I don't know whether he appreciated how nervous I was, but instead of walking up and down the room as he often does, he sat down by me like any other teacher, and heard me play the first movement. It was frightfully hard, but I had studied it so much that I managed to get through with it pretty successfully. Nothing could exceed Liszt's amiability, or the trouble he gave himself, and instead of frightening me, he inspired me. Never was there such a delightful teacher! and he is the first sympathetic one I've had; You feel so free with him, and he develops the very spirit of music in you. He doesn't keep nagging at you all the time, but he leaves you your own conception: Now and then he will make a criticism, or play a passage, and with a few words give you enough to think of the rest of your life. There is a delicate *point* to everything he says, as subtle as he is himself. He doesn't tell you anything about the *technique*. That you must work out for yourself. Luckily for me, Kullak was such a tremendous *Techniker* that I know how to study. When I had finished the first movement of the sonata, Liszt said "Bravo!" Taking my seat, he made some little criticisms, and then told me to go on and play the rest of it.

Now I only half knew the other movements, for the first one was so extremely difficult that it cost me all the labor I could give to prepare that. But playing to Liszt reminds me of trying to feed the elephant in the Zoological Garden with lumps of sugar. He gulps down the whole movements as if they were nothing. One of my fingers fortunately began to bleed for I had practised the skin off, and that gave me a good excuse for stopping. Whether he was pleased at this proof of industry I know not; but after looking at my finger and saying, "Oh!" very compassionately, he sat down and played the whole three last movements himself. That was a great deal, and showed off all his powers. It was the first time I had heard him, and I don't know which was the most extraordinary,—the *Scherzo*, with its wonderful lightness and swiftness, the *Adagio* with its depth and pathos, or the last movement, where the whole key-board seemed to "donnern und blitzen." There is such a vividness about everything he plays that it does not seem as if it were mere music you were listening to, but it is as if he had called up a real, living form, and you saw it breathing before your face and eyes. It gives me almost a ghostly feeling to hear him, and it seems as if the air were peopled with spirits. Oh, he is a perfect wizard! It is as interesting to see him as it is to hear him, for his face changes with every modulation of the piece, and he looks exactly as he is playing. He has one element that is most captivating, and that is, a sort of delicate and fitful mirth that keeps peering out at you here and there! It is most peculiar, and when he plays that way, the most bewitching little expression comes over his face. It seems as if a little spirit of joy were playing hide and go seek with you.

Weimar, May 29, 1873.

I am having the most heavenly time here in Weimar, studying with Liszt, and sometimes I can scarcely realize that I am at the summit of my ambition,—to be his pupil! It was the Frau von S's letter that secured it for me, I am sure. He is so overrun with people, that I think it a wonder he is civil to anybody, but he is the most amiable man I ever knew, though he can be dreadful too, when he chooses, and he understands how to put people outside his door in as short a space of time as it can be done. I go to him three times a week. At home Liszt doesn't wear his long Abbé's coat, but a short one, in which he looks much more artistic. His figure is remarkably slight, but his head is most imposing. It is so delicious in that room of his! It was all furnished and put in order for him by the Grand Duchess herself. The walls are pale gray, with a gilded border running round the room, or rather, two rooms, which are divided, but not separated, by crimson curtains. The furniture is crimson, and everything is so comfortable, such a contrast to German bareness and stiffness generally. A splendid grand piano stands in one window (he receives a new one every year). The other window is always open and looks out on the park. There is a dove-cote just opposite the window, and the doves promenade up and down on the roof, and fly about, and sometimes whirl down on the sill itself. That pleases Liszt. His writing-table is beautifully fitted with things that all match. Everything is in bronze, inkstand, paper-weight, match-box, etc., and there is always a lighted candle standing on it by which he and the gentlemen can light their cigars. There is a carpet on the floor,—a rarity in Germany,—and Liszt generally walks about, and smokes, and mutters, (he can never be said to talk), and calls upon one or other of us to play. From time to time he will sit down and play himself, where a passage does not suit him, and when he is in good spirits he makes little jests all the time. His playing was a complete revelation to me, and has given me an entirely new insight into music. You cannot conceive, without hearing him, how poetic he is, or the thousand *nuances* that he can throw into the simplest thing, and he is equally great on all sides. From the zephyr to the tempest, the whole scale is equally at his command. I've begun to study now in an entirely new way, and I feel that every time I go to him it is worth a thousand dollars to me.

But Liszt is not at all like a master, and cannot be treated like one. He is a monarch, and when he extends his royal sceptre you can sit down and play to him. You never can ask him to play anything for you, no matter how much you're dying to hear it. If he is in the mood he will play; if not, you must content yourself with a few remarks. You cannot even offer to play yourself. You lay your notes on the table, so he can see you *want* to play, and sit down. He takes a turn up and down the room, looks at the music, and if the piece interests him, he will call upon you. We bring the same piece to him but once, and but once play it through.

Yesterday I had prepared for him his *Au Bord d'une Source*. I was nervous and played badly. He was not to be put out, however, but acted as if he thought I had played charmingly, and then he sat down and played the whole piece himself, oh, so exquisitely! It made me feel like a wood-chopper. The notes just seemed to ripple off his fingers' ends with scarce any perceptible motion. As he neared the close I remarked that that funny little expression came over his face which he always has when he means to surprise you, and he suddenly took an unexpected chord, and extemporized a poetical little end, quite different from the written one.—Do you wonder that people go distracted over him?

Weimar, June 6, 1873.

When I first came there were only five of us who studied with Liszt, but lately a good many others have been there. Day before yesterday there came a young lady who was a pupil of Henselt in St. Petersburg. She is immensely talented, only seventeen years old, and her name is Laura Kahrer. It is a very rare thing to see a pupil of Henselt; for it is very difficult to get lessons from him. He stands next to Liszt. This Laura Kahrer plays everything that ever was heard of, and she played a fugue of her own composition, the other day, that was really vigorous and good. I was quite astonished to hear how she worked it up. She has made a good concert tour in Russia. I never saw such a hand as she had. She could bend it backward till it looked like the palm of her hand turned inside out. She was an interesting little creature, with dark eyes and hair, and one could see by her Turkish necklace and various other bangles, that she had been making



play, His grandeur is un - bound - ed; O praise Him in

*p* *cresc.*

*f* TUTTL.  
 song, His wondrous love proclaim.  
 Heav'n and the earth dis - play His

*f*  
 Heav'n and the earth dis - qlay His

gran - deur is un - bound - ed; O praise Him in sang, His

O praise ye Him in song,

gran - deur is un - bound - ed; O praise Him, O

O praise ye Him in song,

wondrous love pro - claim, O praise ..... Him, His wondrous love pro-  
 His won - drous love proclaim,  
 praise Him, praise ye Him, O praise ..... Him, His wondrous love pro-  
 His wondrous love proclaim, O

## SOPR. II. SOLO.

claim. Each fruit He forms and stores with hon - ied treas - ures;  
 claim.

He gives the love - ly flow'rs their va - - - ried hues.

## SOPR. I. SOLO.

Each night and day, with con-stant care He, mea - sures;

Tem-pers the parched earth, cools it with ev'ning dews; And

earth re - dun - dant crown'd, sus - tains each liv - ing crea - ture.

## SOPR. I.

And earth redun - dant crown'd, sustains each crea - - - ture.

## SOPR. II. SOLO.

## ALTO. I.

## SOLO.

He or - dain - - - ed the

sun to an - i - mate all na - ture;

Light is the gift of His cre - a - ting hands:

But past ex - pres - - - sing, Man's greatest

bles - sing, We now in - her - it in His pure and just commands, in - her - it

in His pure and just commands.



money. She played with the greatest *aplomb*, though her touch had a certain roughness about it to my ear. She did not carry me away, but I have not heard many pieces from her. However, all playing sounds barren by the side of Liszt, for *his* is the living, breathing impersonation of poetry, passion, grace, wit, coquetry, daring, tenderness, and every other fascinating attribute that you can think of! I'm ready to hang myself half the time when I've been to him. Oh, he is the most phenomenal being in every respect! All that you have heard of him would never give you an idea of him. In short he represents the whole scale of human emotion. He is a many-sided prism, and reflects back the light in all colors, no matter how you look at him. His pupils *adore* him, as in fact everybody else does, but it is impossible to do otherwise with a person whose genius flashes out of him all the time so, and whose character is so winning.

One day this week, when we were with Liszt, he was in such high spirits that it was as if he had suddenly become twenty years younger. A student from the Stuttgart conservatory played Liszt's *Concerto*. His name is V., and he is dreadfully nervous. Liszt kept up a little running fire of satire all the time he was playing, but in a good natured way. I shouldn't have minded it if it had been I. In fact, I think it would have inspired me; but poor V. hardly knew whether he was on his head or his feet. It was too funny. Everything that Liszt says is so striking. For instance, in one place where V. was playing the melody rather feebly, Liszt suddenly took his seat at the piano and said, "When I play, I always play for the people in the gallery (by the gallery he meant the cock-loft, where the rabble always sit, and where the places cost next to nothing), so that those persons who pay only five groschens for their seats also hear something." Then he began, and I wish you could have heard him! The sound didn't seem to be very loud, but it was penetrating and far reaching. When he had finished, he raised one hand in the air, and you seemed to see all the people in the gallery drinking in the sound. I never shall play a melody now without thinking of the people in the gallery and instinctively articulating it. That is the way Liszt teaches you. He presents an *idea* to you, and it takes fast hold of your mind and sticks there. Music is such a real, visible thing to him, that he always has a symbol, instantly, in the material world to express his idea. One day, when I was playing, I made too much movement with my hand in a rotatory sort of a passage where it was difficult to avoid it. "Keep your hand still, *Fraülein*," said Liszt; "don't make omelette." I could not help laughing; it hit me on the head so nicely. He is far too sparing of his playing, unfortunately, and, like Tausig, only sits down and plays a few bars at a time, generally. It is dreadful when he stops, just as you are at the height of your enjoyment, but he is so thoroughly blasé, that he doesn't care to show off, and he doesn't like to have any one pay him a compliment. Even at the court it annoyed him so that the Grand Duchess told people to take no notice when he rose from the piano. On the same day that Liszt was in such high good-humor, a strange lady and her husband were there who had made a long journey to see him, in the hope of hearing him play. She waited patiently for a long time through the lesson, and at last Liszt took compassion on her, and sat down with the remark that "the young ladies played a great deal better than he did, but he would try his best to imitate them," and then played something of his own so wonderfully, that when he had finished we all stood there like posts, feeling that there was nothing to be said. But he, as if he feared we might burst out into eulogy, got up instantly and went over to a friend of his who was standing there, and who lives on an estate near Weimar, and said, in the most commonplace tone imaginable, "By the way, how about those eggs? Are you going to send me some?" It seems to be not only a profound bore to him, but really a sort of sensitiveness on his part. How he can bear to hear us play, I cannot imagine. It must grate on his ear terribly, I think, because everything *must* sound expressionless to him in comparison with his own marvelous conception. I assure you, no matter how beautifully we play any piece, the minute Liszt plays it, you would scarcely recognize it. His touch and his peculiar use of the pedal are two secrets of his playing, and then he seems to dive down into the most hidden thoughts of the composer, and fetch them up to the surface, so that they gleam out at you one by one, like stars! The more I see and hear Liszt, the more I am lost in amazement! I can neither eat nor sleep on those days that I go to him. All my musical studies till now have been a mere going

to school, a preparation for him. I often think of what Tausig said once: Oh, compared with Liszt, we other artists are all blockheads." I did not believe it at the time, but I've seen the truth of it, and in studying Liszt's playing, I can see where Tausig got many of his own wonderful peculiarities. I think he was the most like Liszt of all the army that have had the privilege of his instruction. I began this letter on Sunday, and it is now Tuesday. Yesterday I went to Liszt, and found that Bülow had just arrived. None of the other scholars had come, for a wonder, and I was just going away, when Liszt came out, asked me to come in a moment, and introduced me to Bülow. There I was all alone with these two great artists in Liszt's *salon*. Wasn't that a situation? I only stayed a few minutes, of course, though I should have liked to spend hours, but our conversation was in the highest degree amusing while I was there. Bülow had just returned from his grand concert tour, and had been in London for the first time. In a few months he had given one hundred and twenty concerts! He is a fascinating creature too, like all these master artists, but entirely different from Liszt, being small, quick, and airy in his movements, and having one of the boldest and proudest foreheads I ever saw. He looks like strength of will personified! Liszt gazed at "his Hans," as he calls him, with the fondest pride, and seemed perfectly happy over his arrival. It was like his beautiful courtesy to call me in and introduce me to Bülow, instead of letting me go away. He thought I had come to play to him, and was unwilling to have me take that trouble for nothing, though he must have wished me in Jericho. You would think I paid him a hundred dollars a lesson, instead of his condescending to sacrifice his valuable time to me for nothing.

(To be continued.)

#### Richard Wagner and His Works.

MR. F. C. BOWMAN contributes the following thoughtful article to the *New York Sun*, on the eve of the first performance of "Lohengrin," at the Academy of Music:

At last that gigantic egotist, revolutionist, poet, philosopher, dramatist, dogmatist, and genius, Richard Wagner, is to have a hearing at the Academy of music. His "Lohengrin," composed a quarter of a century since, is to be performed to-night with the aid of the best operatic talent that we have at command.

The fighting spirit never burnt with a stronger flame in any man's breast than in Wagner's. He was born to antagonism. If nature had not inclined him to music he would certainly have been an up-rooter of the established order of things in some other direction. As it was he managed to find time to devote a few spare moments to politics in 1848, and was so conspicuous a revolutionist that he was banished, and lived in exile in Switzerland for years. He was born in 1813, and is now consequently 61 years old. But his restless and indomitable spirit is not altered, and not even in his fervent youth did he ever conceive a greater undertaking than the one that he now has in hand at Baireuth, and is persisting in with such ardent courage, that of building a magnificent theatre, to be wholly dedicated to the exposition of his most advanced theories on musical art.

Neither the theories of Wagner nor his works can be said to be new to our people, for during long years Bergmann at the Pailharmonic concerts, and Theodore Thomas at his own, have familiarized us with his orchestral works. And indeed his operas have been long performed at the Stadt Theatre, and the "Tannhäuser" also has been given at the Academy. But this really is the first occasion on which he has been accorded a hearing under the most fitting conditions, for the Stadt Theatre reaches but a very limited class of our people, and as to the orchestral works, that is not the true Wagner, for it is one of his pronounced theories that the music of instruments is a dead thing and needs the vital word to call it into life. All this playing of "Tannhäuser" overtures and Walküre Ritts that Bergmann and Thomas have given us would from Wagner's own point of view be but a dumb show, signifying nothing, and in no way either illustrating or furthering any theory that he has ever advanced. For the aim of his whole life has been to give expression, not to orchestral work, but to the musical drama, to that strict and indissoluble wedding together of poetry and music that constitute the musical drama which is the highest expression of art. Those, therefore, who know him only through the orchestra, know him not at all.

In this view, therefore, we may be said to be brought here in America, for the first time, face to face with the real man, and with his theories under conditions favorable to a fair and clear interpretation of his work. We are not to have, to be sure, the magnificent stage effects of Munich, Dresden, or Berlin, but we have a prima donna who has no superior in any country, a tenor who made himself famous by his fine rendering of the part of "Lohengrin," when the work was first brought out in Italy, and a contralto who possesses all the artistic requirements for the difficult rôle assigned to her in this opera.

In view of the interest that is likely to be excited in the public mind over the production of this work, we give a brief sketch of Wagner's eventful life, and of the peculiar theories that he has labored for so many years to force upon the world.

Wagner's life has been one of conflict, and apparently his highest pleasure has been in intellectual warfare, for he has constantly sought it, and goaded his opponents into fresh hostility when it languished, by means of one his pamphlets.

In one of the many autobiographical sketches with which his works abound, he tells a story that is curiously illustrative of his own character. A fairy once offered to endow the new born son of a king with the spirit of discontent with the actual and of passionate pursuit of the new. The conservative monarch very naturally declined any such dangerous heritage for his offspring. "This fairy," says Wagner, "comes to all us at our birth, and we might all become geniuses if she were not repulsed by what is called education. She glided into my cradle and bestowed on me the gift that never left me, and which in complete independence has made me always my own teacher, directing me in life and art. Behold in that consists all genius."

This is a formula of genius as simple as it is startling, and much more applicable to Robespierre and Danton, than to Shakespeare or Milton.

Wagner was born in Leipzig, in 1813. His father having died when he was a child, he had no guiding hand, but studied when and how he chose. He was a great reader, and filled his mind with Greek poetry and the fables of Scandinavian mythology. So deep an impression did these myths make on his imagination that they constituted thereafter a part of his life, and he has founded most of his operas upon them, "Tannhäuser," "Tristan and Isolde," "Lohengrin," "Das Rheingold," "Die Walküre," and "Siegfried," are all outgrowths of this poetic legendary history.

When he was fifteen, Wagner first heard a symphony of Beethoven. It stirred his intense nature so deeply that he at once set himself to the study of music, and this he pursued with such fidelity and earnestness that in a few years he had mastered all its forms. At twenty-three he became chief of orchestra at the little theatre of Riga, on the Baltic. The sphere was too narrow for the man who had already composed a great part of "Rienzi," and sought a stage on which to produce it. His mind turned to Paris with its magnificent opportunities for operatic representations, and determined to go there and make his career. This was characteristic of the man. His courage amounted to folly. He was poor, he had no reputation, he knew no French, he had no friends, and he conceived the idea of going to Paris, where even a native can get a hearing only after years and years of miserable waiting and rebuffs. But with the unbounded confidence inspired by self-reliance and self-esteem he thought to gain for himself a standing in the most difficult of places in the world of art. This was a sublime vanity, and of the kind that will not be put down, and which finally forces people to give way to its indomitable persistence, as it has in Wagner's case, for the whole world is giving him a hearing, France and Italy included, though the mass of mankind detest his works, and the critics everywhere have cried out against them: "You may howl and gnash your teeth," says Wagner, "but hear me you shall, and I will write the most discordant music that ever was scored, and yet you shall hear it; and I will write a trilogy that shall be called the Nibelungen Lied, and that shall take three days to perform, and which shall be full of my most monstrous inventions, and it shall be performed not in any central city, but in a remote country village, and that also you shall come to hear." And all this the world does, though it hates the man who commands it. To such extent will unparalleled audacity, self-confidence, and self-esteem carry their possessor. But at first the world turned its coldest shoulder on the composer. It starved poor Wagner. He came down from his high idea of having "Rienzi" brought out at the Grand Opera, and arranged

French opera airs for the cornet-a-piston, for bread and butter's sake. This was a bitter cup of humiliation, and he found after drinking it to the dregs that nothing was to be gained in Paris, and so went back to Dresden, where in 1842 his "Rienzi" was brought out. From this point his career begins. He had at last obtained a hearing. After "Rienzi" came the "Flying Dutchman." Then "Tannhäuser," then "Lohengrin," performed for the first time at Weimar, on the 28th of August, 1850, under the direction of Franz Liszt, and so on to the later works, the three operas founded on the Nibelungen Lied, brought out under the friendly auspices of the King of Bavaria, who has divided his time pretty evenly between Wagner and his subjects, during the past ten years, and in which the composer has given the freest and fullest expression to all his musical theories.

At present he is hard at work building his great theatre at Baireuth, and preparing to bring out there the Nibelungen Lied, and in aid of this enterprise he has enlisted the whole musical world, as witness the concert to be given on Thursday Evening, at Steinway Hall, by the Wagner Verein.

And now a word as to these new theories upon which Wagner has sought to remodel the whole system of composing for the operatic stage. They are not so abstruse or so formidable as one might suppose, and in fact may be reduced to quite simple and intelligible formulas. To speak generally they are two, the first relating to the poetic basis upon which an opera should be conceived and treated, the second being purely musical and technical. Both of them have been detailed at great length in Wagner's own books, especially his "Opera and Drama," a work in three volumes, devoted to the elucidation of his system. The first of these may be broadly stated as follows: Operatic composers have hitherto worked from a wrong principle. The first thing to be regarded was in their estimation the music, and to this everything was to be sacrificed. The words were merely the thread which was to furnish a pretext for the music. An opera therefore came to be considered as a composition consisting of so many airs for the soprano, so many for the tenor, and so many for the bass, some graceful and tender, and some in bravura style, with connecting bits of recitative and chorus *ad libitum*. The soprano therefore having to express a certain series of emotions, did it first by the recitative, followed by an aria, and this, though the recitative and the aria were intended, connectedly, to express the same thought. So it came about that the people went to the opera to hear the prima donna or the tenor sing, and these artists sacrificed the dramatic situation to their own personal display, and made the opera a vehicle for their vanity or ambition. This Wagner contends is all wrong. The foundation of the work, he says, should be the dramatic poem, and the music is to be subordinate to that, and only an assistant to the development and illustration of the thought. To express it more tersely and in Wagner's own words, "The error in the opera as a species of art has consisted in the fact that a means of expression (music) has been made the end, while the end of expression (drama) has been made the means: and thus the actual lyric drama has been made to rest upon the basis of absolute music."

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON. APRIL 4. 1874.

### The Symphony Concerts.

The tenth, and last, Concert of the season, which took place on Thursday afternoon, March 19, was one of the best and most enjoyable of the series, though it offered no great orchestral work with which the more musical portion of the public is not tolerably familiar. Indeed the only purely orchestral numbers were the first and last; Cherubini's beautiful overture to "Medea," which, though quiet in comparison with more modern tragic preludes, is charged with half smothered intense passion, and takes a deep hold of the feeling and imagination; and for the great feature and finale, the vigorous, romantic and imaginative first Symphony, (C-minor), by Gade,—which is decidedly his best. Both works were remarkably well rendered, the Symphony, at

all events, making as deep an impression as it ever did make here; indeed it seemed quite fresh, for there is a long-lived freshness in the work, alike in its ideas, and in its very brilliant, richly colored and effective instrumentation. A northern seashore atmosphere pervades it, and the spirit of old Norse heroism alternates with the tender sweetness, and the musing sadness, the wild festive gayety and the fine fairy fancies of the North. With all its great variety there is a complete and beautiful artistic unity in the work. The dreamy, thoughtful theme which steals so gently over you in the introduction (*Moderato*), runs through the whole *Allegro*, the same phrase quickened to exciting speed, and it reappears in other movements, even amid the storm and wild Vikingir uproar, the sonorous ring of grand old patriotic hymns and marches in the finale (*Allegro con fuoco*). The Scherzo is full of power and finest fancies. First the sudden *crescendo* of a great whirl of excitement, multitudinous and sweeping, as if the strong tribes were rallying and rushing forth to festival games and feats of strength; then in the *Trio*, answering to the call of a pure high clarinet note, a dance as of tiny elves and fairies; in no fairy music shall we find a dream more exquisite; did it not make you think of "Come unto these yellow sands?" The third movement, *Andantino*, is of most pensive, tender beauty.

A new feature in these concerts was the introduction, at the beginning of the second part, of Bach's *Grand Organ Prelude and Fugue*, in A minor played on the Great Organ by Mr. JOHN K. PAINE. The instrument through somebody's neglect was out of tune; but in the great tidal wave of harmonies a great deal of discord, which the organist might know of in special stops, is naturally swallowed up, so that most hearers would have been not sensitively conscious of it. The massive grandeur and resistless on-sweep of the work, pressing a multitude of side thoughts into its broad, deep current; the fullness of rich, joyous earnest life in it, so tranquil, yet so all alive; the endless maze of polyphonic intricacy, in which, whether you have the thread to it or not, you feel the beauty and consistency of a divine and perfect plan, as you do in Nature, which we all feel, however little we may understand; in short the ocean-like suggestion of the illimitable and the sublime, which is the most vague and general impression that it gives,—held most of the audience in absorbed attention and in an exalted mood, although to many doubtless it was a vast unmeaning, prolonged roar of sound, like the "mingling of many waters." But it is good to hear such things, to be exposed to such sublimities, to be caught up in their grand rhythm, even if we cannot understand with a musician's science. Who understands the ocean rolling in upon the beach? Who does not feel it, find its strange attraction inexhaustible? Mr. Paine played both Prelude and Fugue in a clear, firm, masterly manner. We suppose it is the traditional way to give the whole, uniformly, with full organ; but one who has been accustomed to a piano-forte version of it, with so much more of light and shade and accent, finds the effect strange at first, and wonders whether the old Bach himself did actually allow himself no change of stops in his Fugue playing. One thing is certain, the oftener one sits within hearing of such music, the more the fascination thereof will increase.

The *Andante et Scherzo*, op. 16, by Ferdinand David, which Miss TERESA LIEBE took for her violin solo, is a fresh, genial and effective composition, made by a violinist for himself, and therefore suited to the instrument; not, like a Beethoven Concerto, pressing the instrument into the service of pure ideal music. The *Andante* has a very pleasing motive, and the Scherzo is full of life and sparkle.

Miss Liebe seems to have gained breadth of tone, in addition to her usual purity of intonation, and the delicate refinement of her execution; she only lacks the man's force for the full effect of the Scherzo. David handles the orchestra with great skill in the accompaniment, which being well played, the work, as a whole, was highly interesting.

Mr. NELSON VARLEY was in better voice than he has been during the past winter, and he sang all his pieces in a most tasteful and artistic manner. His principal selection, the Concert Aria, by Mozart: "Misero! O sogno, o son desto?" which he sang last year for the first time, deepened its impression this time by the improved rendering both of the voice part and of the full and beautiful orchestral accompaniment. It is very rarely indeed that we hear such a piece so well sung. In the second part, to the perfect piano accompaniment of Mr. DRESEL, he sang three songs by Schumann, all new to our concert room. First a spirited and dashing setting (in a more popular vein than Schumann often indulges in) of a little character picture by Geibel, "The Hidalgo," which was given with a deal of spirit and the right mingling of audacity and elegance of manner. The declamation was capital, although the voice, for the most part, very sweet and pure, would slightly break sometimes in straining for a high note. The second song, as unlike the first as possible, and bringing a sweet sense of repose, was a "Serenade" (op. 36, No. 2), a lovely bit of sentimental melody of a sincere, pure kind; exquisitely indeed he sang it. The third, "Wanderer's Song" (op. 35, No. 3), is another vigorous, exciting strain, full of the champagne zest of travel, singularly beautiful, and stirred the audience not a little. We are tempted to give here the English version which was sung of

### THE HIDALGO. (GEIBEL.)

'Tis sweet with songs to trifle,  
And foolish hearts to rifle,  
Though sterner strife remain!  
O! when the moon is shining,  
What royal sport divining,  
I sally forth again,  
For love adventure pining,  
And fresh for fight again.

The belles of gay Sevilla,  
With fans and with mantilla,  
Lean out upon the streets;  
They listen all with pleasure,  
To catch the tuneful measure  
My mandoline repeats;  
Then, flutt'ring down with leisure,  
A rose the singer greets.

I wear, when I go singing,  
Both lute and rapier swinging,—  
A staunch Toledo blade.  
At many a lattice planted,  
By watching foes undaunted,  
I've sung my serenade;  
The dames my carol haunted,  
The rival knew my blade!

On new adventure roaming  
I start, while fades the gloaming  
Behind the hills away.  
The silver moon shall light me  
Where love's rewards invite me;—  
They'll bring a red bouquet,  
And flow'rs or wounds requite me  
Before return of day!

### Chamber Concerts.

March 12. Mr. LANG's third concert opened with a very spirited, impressive rendering of Mendelssohn's impassioned Trio in C minor, by Mr. Lang and the brothers AUGUST and WULF FRIES. Mr. Lang repeated the Fantaisie Sonata by Saran, with the same brilliancy and clearness as before, and, to our feeling, much more satisfactorily with regard to evenness of tempo and chaste simplicity of expression. The concert closed with an admirable performance, by himself and Wulf Fries, of



the Introduction and Polonaise, op. 3, for piano and 'cello, by Chopin.

The singer this time was Mr. CHAS. R. HAYDEN, who has a sweet and pleasing tenor voice, which as yet he uses with too conscious effort, and who did not seem entirely at ease in the delicate and dreamy "Lotusblume," nor in the bright "Tanzlied in Mai," of Franz; so that both songs, the first particularly, suffered from uncertain intonation. In the two old popular songs, "Sally in our Alley" and "Bonnie Laddie," arranged by Beethoven with accompaniment for violin, 'cello and piano, he was more happy, although not free from a certain stiffness. We trust we may hear more of these Beethoven arrangements of old Scotch, Irish, and English people's songs.

March 13. Mme. SCHILLER's second Recital drew a larger audience than the first, and it is plain that both the woman and the artist grow in favor. The programme was as follows:

"Sonata Duo,"—Op. 32. (Piano and 'Cello.)  
W. Sterndale Bennett.  
Adagio Sostenuto—Allegro Giusto.  
Minuetto Caractéristique—Allegretto Piacevole.  
Songs—*a* "Trockne Blumen," (Withered Flowers.) Schubert.  
*b* "Die Harrende," (Expectation,) Franz.  
*c* "Weisat du noch," (Hast thou got,) " "  
*d* "Schweizerlied," (Swiss Song,) " "  
Sonata in F Minor, Op. 57, (Appassionata), Beethoven.  
Andante—Op. 15, Hummel.  
Impromptu, Op. 90, No. 2, Schubert.  
Songs—*a* "Klaenge aus der Kinderwelt," (Sounds from Childhood,) Taubert.  
*b* "The Boy after Birds."  
*c* "The Sparrow and the Thrasher."  
Grand Polonaise in E flat Major, Op. 22. (by request.) Chopin.

The Bennett Sonata did not impress us as a very strong work, but it has that composer's graceful traits, and was tastefully rendered by the concert-giver and WULF FRIES. The *Sonata Appassionata* was given with impressive energy and power in the stormy opening movement, and with remarkable brilliancy and clearness, and great purity of technique in the Finale. The broad, deep, solemn theme of the Andante came out with true feeling, but somehow we missed the right coloring and accent in some of the variations. In the Andante by Hummel she was peculiarly at home, and gave all its flowing, florid passages with a most pearly touch, and exquisite evenness and finish. The *Impromptu* by Schubert runs for the most part in a fast and even stream of rippling triplets, placid and contented, darkened now and then by serious thoughts, and that too was beautifully played. The grand Chopin Polonaise, (with out the usual prelude of the *Andante Spianato*) had the true ring to it, and was a splendid piece of execution. Miss CLARA DORIA was happy in the interpretation, as well as in the choice, of all her songs, in which she had the masterly accompaniment of Mr. DRESSEL. The quaint Goethe song in the Swiss dialect is fascinating as Franz has set it and as Miss Doria sings it. As much may be said of the two charming specimens of genial Taubert's songs about childhood, of which we are tempted to give here the English words Miss Doria sang.

#### THE BOY AFTER BIRDS.

Nick is in the woods a-watching  
After birds he would be catching:  
Near a nest he now has mounted,  
And the young ones all are counted;  
But the sly old bird is peeping  
Thro' the nest, and spies him creeping;  
Sees, and twitters: "Hey! the dunc!  
Children, Nick, the rogue, is loose  
With his club, Oh! see him swing it!  
Children, he away, O wing it!"  
Prrr! what fluttering! Hush, hush, hush!  
Empty nest and empty bush!  
And the birds at Nick do laugh,  
With his terrible great staff,  
Till the mortified young rover  
Raves because the game's all over;  
All his hopes an empty bubble,  
Not a sparrow for his trouble!

#### THE SPARROW AND THE THRASHER.

"Thrash away, thrash away, tic, tic, tac!  
Truly, farmer, you've no lack;  
Plenty of wheat, and barley too.  
Farmer, Oh! I'm so fond of you!  
Thrash away, thrash away, tic, tic, tac!  
Here I come with sack and pack,

Come to you that I may learn,  
How to thrash out wheat and corn.  
Thrash away, thrash away, tic, tic, tac!  
Oh, I'd like to try a smack  
Of the wheat and of the corn,  
Just the taste of each to learn."

"Peck away, peck away," laughs the man;  
"But be careful as you can,  
Or my flail, with heavy thwack,  
Birdie's little head may crack.  
Hopping in and out at will,  
You shall eat and have your fill.  
Peck away, nor feel abashed  
Until all the corn is thrashed,  
But be mindful where you tread,  
Lest I hit you on the head."

March 17. Rather a small audience assembled in Mechanic's Hall that evening to hear the first Soirée of the BEETHOVEN QUINTETTE CLUB, consisting of Messrs. ALLEN, HEINDEL, MULLALY, RIETZEL and WULF FRIES. Both programme and performance were worthy of a fuller attendance.

Quartet in C Minor. No. 4..... Beethoven.  
Songs—*a* Ave Maria..... Schubert.  
*b* Bid me to live..... Hatton.  
Mrs. J. M. Osgood.  
Trois Morceaux pour Piano et Violoncello. Op. 11.  
No. 2..... Rubinstein.  
1. Andante quasi Adagio—2. Allegro con moto—  
3. Allegro risoluto.  
Messrs. Perabo and Wulf Fries.  
Andante and Scherzo Fantastique..... Dudley Buck.  
[1st time.]  
[Composed expressly for and dedicated to the  
Beethoven Quintette Club.]  
Elegie, for Viola [1st time]..... Vieuxtemps.  
J. C. Mullaly.  
Quintet in A. Op. 18..... Mendelssohn.

The Quartet and Quintet were welcome revivals, and were uncommonly well played; especially the *Andante Scherzando* and the light, airy Rondo Finale of that fresh and buoyant work of Beethoven, and the frolic fairy Scherzo by Mendelssohn. The Rubinstein *Morceaux* were of course finely played by PERABO and FRIES, and seemed to meet with general favor. So did Mr. Buck's composition, which, to say the least, was bright, clear, graceful and enjoyable. Mr. MULLALY showed a superior mastery of a too unconsidered instrument, because it does its modest, sterling work mostly in the middle of the harmony and seldom steps out to the front. Mrs. Osgood's singing made a very good impression.

March 18. Second Concert of Messrs. OSGOOD and LEONHARD. Programme:—

1. Sonata, Op. 37, No. 2..... Beethoven.  
2. Canzonets: "Sympathy"; "Why asks my fair one?" Haydn.  
3. [a] Nocturne, Op. 15, No. 1..... Chopin.  
[b] Mazurka, Op. 50, No. 2..... " "  
4. Songs: *a*. Wohin? *b*. Geheimnis. *c*. Frühling'sglaube Schubert.  
5. Romanze, Scherzino, Intermezzo, from "Faschingsschwank aus Wien," Op. 26..... Schumann.  
6. Song..... Mendelssohn.  
[a] Altes deutsches Frühling'slied, "Old German Spring song)  
[b] Nachtlied. [Night song. Now th light of day is gone. Eichendorf.]  
[c] An die Entfernte. [To the distant one. Lenau.]  
[d] Hirtenlied. [Herdman's song. Uhland.]  
7. Ballade, Op. 38..... Chopin

The selections of both artists were of the choicest, and the interpretation, in nearly every case, was highly satisfactory. Mr. Leonhard, to be sure, wore the appearance of fatigue and nervousness, which, however, did not rob us of a truly artistic and poetic reproduction of the "Moonlight Sonata," though to our feeling the opening movement gains by a somewhat slower tempo. But there are more who err the other way. With his rendering of the Chopin pieces, in which he is always in his element, no fault could be found of more account than the occasional hitting of a wrong note; is a chance *lappus lingua* fatal to an orator, or does the failure to dot a few i's or cross a few t's spoil a piece of writing? We only mention this because some foolish "critic" keeps insisting that Mr. Leonhard's playing is "in every respect correct, but hard and unsympathetic." Another taxes him with "an excess of sentiment that almost bordered on affectation!" May he not be content to let one accusation kill the other? How beautiful these Chopin pieces are! What can be more lovely than the pure, spiritual melody which opens and closes that *Nocturne* in F, or the soft, tranquil Barcarole which preludes to the fiery Presto in the *Ballade* (also in F)? Of this last Mr. L.'s interpretation was masterly and effective; and so was that of the little phantasmagoric scenes from Schumann's Viennese Carnival.

Many with us will thank Mr. Osgood for giving us a couple of those good old Canzonets by Haydn, which have fallen into neglect for too long a time. He sang them simply and with true expression,

and all felt their charm. And the fervor, sweetness, fine conception, and artistic characterization which he displayed in the three Schubert songs, and the still more unfamiliar and very beautiful ones by Mendelssohn, won for him warm recognition.

March 25. Third Concert by the same. Mr. Osgood opened with the same recitatives and arias, from Handel's "Allezro," which he sang at one of the Symphony Concerts; and he sang them charmingly, especially the *Siciliana*: "Let me wander not unseen," winning new appreciation for the music, which is full of genius, though it has not the *ad capellam* qualities of some more modern styles of song. Schumann's superb Sonata, op. 121, for violin and piano, a work full of inspiration, strong, impassioned, and extremely difficult, was capably played by Mr. LEONHARD, who was all himself that afternoon, and Mr. AUGUST FRIES; the only drawback being that the violin answered sometimes from true pitch. Mr. Osgood's next song was "Kennst du das Land?" by Beethoven,—the earliest, so far as we know, and to this day the best of all the settings of the Mignon song of Goethe. It is a pensive, dreamy, yet a wholesome, unaffected melody, arresting the attention by its direct and solemn tone, as befits the words, but quickening with a natural excitement when it comes to the "Dahin! Dahin!" It was sung with a sincere and chaste expression, and many marvelled why the song has been so shy of concert rooms. Mr. Leonhard repeated his selections (Nos. 2, 1 and 6) from the "Kreisleriana" of Schumann, and with even finer effect than in the first concert.

Next came four unfamiliar, well contrasted, very charming songs, by Schubert. First, the solemn, tranquil, "Over all the tree-tops is rest (Goethe); then the leaping, flashing, exquisitely lifesome, piquant melody of "The Trout" (best known through Liszt's transcription); then "Laughing and Weeping" (words by Rückert), a most delightful song, full of the subtlest flickering play of moods; and finally: "I see the mill wheels turning," which is No. 3 of "Die Schöne Müllerin." And Mr. Osgood sang them to a charm. Mr. Leonhard closed the concert with that most poetic and imaginative of Chopin's *Polonaises*, that in E-flat minor, op. 26; followed by two *Etudes* from op. 25, namely: the seventh, in C-sharp minor, that slow, deep strain of melancholy, which opens with a musing soliloquy in the bass, and which he played marvellously well; and the first, the *Allegro sostenuto* in A flat, with its persistent *arpeggio* of both hands.

The audience was very large this time, and the expressions of delight were unmistakable.

ORATORIOS. Our old HANDEL and HAYDN SOCIETY have been very quiet and retired this winter, doing their work none the less steadily and earnestly all the while underground, rehearsing once a week, and of late thrice a week, down in Bunstead Hall for their great Festival in May. But now they are coming to the front, and as *l'envoi* to the great feast they give to-morrow evening an Easter performance of that Oratorio in which they always shine, "Elijah." The lady soloists will be Mrs. JULIA HOUSTON WEST, Mrs. H. F. SAWYER and Mrs. J. W. WESTON, and there will be great interest to hear the fine bass voice of Mr. J. H. WINCH for the first time in the part of the prophet, and Mr. Osgood in the tenor solos.

The THIRD TRIENNIAL FESTIVAL will open on Tuesday, May 5, and close on Sunday evening, May 10. Besides the grand chorus of some 600 voices, who have been very industriously rehearsing under CARL ZERRAHN, there will be a proportionate instrumental force with the Thomas Orchestra for its nucleus. The programme presents an imposing array not only of old masterworks, but also of new compositions, some of them by Americans, as follows:

Tuesday, May 5.—Evening—opening performance; Handel's oratorio, "Judas Maccabæus."  
Wednesday, May 6.—Matinée by the orchestra and vocalists; Evening—Beethoven's Ninth or Choral Symphony, and "The Seasons," by Haydn.  
Thursday, May 7.—Oratorio Matinée—Mendelssohn's "Christus," Dudley Buck's 46th Psalm, etc.  
Friday, May 8.—Matinée by the orchestra and vocalists; Evening—Bach's "Passion Music."  
Saturday, May 9.—Matinée by the orchestra and vocalists; Evening—J. K. Paine's new oratorio, "St. Peter."  
Sunday, May 10.—Evening—Handel's "Messiah."  
The solo singers engaged are, Miss EDITH WYNNE, Mrs. WEST, and Mrs. SMITH, Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPS and Miss CARY; Mr. VARLEY, Mr. OSGOOD and Mr. W. J. WINCH, Mr. J. F. WINCH, Mr. RUDOLPHSEN and Mr. WHITNEY. The price of season tickets—admitting to three afternoon symphony concerts, and to five evening performances, and one afternoon performance of oratorio,—will be fifteen dollars.



## Letter from a Wagnerite.

NEW YORK, March 30.—At the fifth Symphony Soirée, by Mr. Thomas, in Steinway Hall, March 21, the following pieces were performed.

Overture to "Euryanthe,".....Weber.  
 "Eine Faust Symphonie,".....Liszt.  
 In drei Charakterbildern, (nach Goethe.) 1. Faust (Allegro). 2. Gretchen, (Andante). 3. Mephistopheles, (Scherzo) and Finale mit Schluss-Chor.  
 "Alles Vergängliche ist nur ein Gleichnis."  
 For Grand Orchestra, Tenor and Chorus for Men's Voices.  
 Symphony, No. 5, C minor, Op. 69.....Beethoven.

Old concert-goers will remember that, years ago, Liszt's Faust symphony was played at a Philharmonic Concert in this city. Since then parts of it have been performed at various times, but, from these fragments the hearer gains a very imperfect idea of the work. The present performance was one which left nothing to be desired. The Thomas Orchestra made light of the difficulties with which the work abounds, and their playing, both in this and in the Beethoven Symphony, was beyond praise. I mentioned recently the fact that Mr. Thomas kept a number of experienced artists as a sort of reserve force, and this force was largely drawn upon to meet the exigencies of the occasion, so that Mr. Thomas had some 80 players under his baton.

The chorus was supplied by the Turner Liedertafel, and the tenor solo was sung by Mr. Graff. The performance, as a whole, was one of which Mr. Thomas may justly feel proud.

It will be remembered that an association called the "Wagner Union" was organized in this city by Mr. Theo. Thomas, over a year ago, for the purpose of purchasing a certain number of tickets to the Nibelungen festival at Bayreuth next year. The fee for membership is \$25, and the sum there obtained, together with the proceeds of the concerts, is to be expended in tickets for the festival. The tickets will be distributed by lot among the members of the Union. The first concert of the Wagner Union was given on March 28th, 1873; the second concert took place last Thursday evening, when the following selections were performed by the Thomas Orchestra.

Vorspiel, "Die Meistersinger von Nuernberg." Wagner.  
 Introduction and Finale, "Tristan and Isolde." Wagner.  
 Der Ritt Der Walkueren.....Wagner.  
 Symphony Eroica.....Beethoven.  
 In honor of the late CHARLES SUMNER.  
 Vorspiel; "Lohengrin." Wagner.  
 Bacchanale, "Tannhauser." Wagner.  
 Kaiser-Marsch.....Wagner.

Thanks to the persistent and painstaking endeavor of Mr. Thomas, there are many among us who do reverence to Wagner, and his beautiful music is now listened to with rapt attention by hundreds who a few years since could find no better name for it than the crash of breaking crockery.

Those who had listened to *Lohengrin* at the Academy the evening previous, found a new meaning in the exquisite *Vorspiel* to *Lohengrin*; and then only could realize the immense disadvantage at which these fragments of composition are heard, when separated from the work to which they belong and deprived of poem and scenery, which, according to the Wagnerian theory, are inseparable from the music.

There is, however, so much of sublimity in these titanic fragments and such perfection in their performance by this Orchestra, that to listen is pleasure without alloy. On Monday evening, March 23rd, *Lohengrin* was performed at the Academy of Music, with the following cast:

Elsa, Mme. Nilsson; Ortrud, Miss Cary; *Lohengrin*, Sig. Campanini; King, Sig. Nannetti; *Frederic*, Sig. Del Puente.

This opera has been put on the stage before, at the Stadt Theatre in this City, but the resources of the company then were entirely inadequate to the requirements of the work. And last Monday's representation was practically the first performance of *Lohengrin* in New York. Mr. Strakosch spared no expense in putting the opera on the stage in good shape, and no better artists than Nilsson and Campanini, for the principal rôles,

could be found in the world. The Orchestra, whose part in this opera is no sinecure, had been long and carefully drilled by Sig. Muzio, and their playing was such as to exceed the expectation of the most sanguine. *Lohengrin*, though it is a departure from the traditional Opera, does not fully represent the peculiar views and theories which the composer now holds; but, for this very reason, it is the better fitted for presenting these views to the public which is not yet fully prepared to receive and accept them. It may be that the proverb: "There's no disputing about tastes" will some day be proved false and that the same true principles of Art will be found underlying every musical composition which is destined to live. Richard Wagner claims to be the first who has applied these principles to opera. The essence of his theory lies in the homely maxim; "Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well."

To apply this maxim to operatic writing, three things are necessary: first, a composer of genius; next a poet; third, a man utterly untrammelled by prejudice and fearless of popular opinion. Richard Wagner combines these three qualifications in one man; and therefore the principles of his art being true, his success is only a matter of time. He writes his own librettos, arranges his stage effects as best befits the progression of music and story, and makes of the Opera which before existed only as an absurdity, a perfect and noble Art-work; destined to out-rank even the Symphony [!], which is now music's best exponent.

Four representations of *Lohengrin* were given last week, to crowded houses. The first reception of the opera was enthusiastic beyond anything I ever witnessed in this country. Artists, Conductor and Manager were called before the curtain in every transport of applause, and there is now, strange as it may seem, a fair prospect of *Lohengrin's* becoming a popular favorite. I reserve a description of the work for a future letter. A. A. C.

## A Year's Work for an Organist.

We have received the following list of organ Voluntaries performed on the large organ of Trinity Church, New York, from February 1873 to February 1874, by HENRY CARTER, Organist. The figures after some of the pieces signify the number of times the compositions have been repeated during the year.

BACH. Passacaglia [2], Toccata in F [4], Toccata and Fugue, D minor [4] Dorian Toccata, Fugues in D [2] E, G minor [3], E minor [2], A minor, Preludes B minor and E minor, Preludes and Fugues in D, A minor, G minor, Fantasie in G. St. Ann's Prelude and Fugue.

HANDEL. 4th Concerto [3]; Israel in Egypt:—"He rebuked;" [2] "He led," [2] "But the waters." [2] "I will sing unto the Lord;" "Fixed in his everlasting seat;" [3] Coronation Anthem; Messiah:—"Overture," "He trusted," "Let all the Angels," "Worthy;" "Sing unto God" [2].

MOZART. "Rex tremendae" [2], "Dies Irae" [2], "Cum Sancto" [3], "Pignus Futuræ" [2]; Jupiter Symphony [with Orchestra.]

BEETHOVEN. Finale 5th Symphony [3]; Largo Op. 7. Hallelujah

HAYDN. "Insanae;" Passione:—"Introduction, [2] "Padre Celeste;" "Virgin Madre;" 3rd Mass, Kyrie and Quoniam.

MEYERBEER. From Sonatas, [19]; Elijah:—"Overture;" "Help Lord," "Be not afraid," "Thanks be to God," Last chorus. Symphony; Lobgesang [3]; Overtures to St. Paul and Athaliah [with Orchestra.]

SPOHR. Last Judgment:—"Overture [3]; First Chorus, [2]; Duet; Symphony [3]; Quartet G minor.

KUHNSTEDT. Fantasie Eroica [6]; Adagio; Doppel Fuge; Fugue on Priestermarsch [2].

KREBS. Prelude and Fugue C minor.

THIELE. Chromatische Fantasie [4]; Concertsatz [2].

ANDRE. Nachspiel.

FINK. Sonata. Op. 6

RICHTER. Phantasie [5].

KOENIGER. Fugue on Austrian Hymn, [2]

FRYER. Fugue on Russian Hymn.

BEHRENS. Andante [2]; Fantasie [3].

TOEPFER. Concertstück in C minor [4] Fantasie D minor

VOLKMAR. Festvorspiel [4].

HENRY SMART. Con moto, in A [5]; Con moto, B flat

[2]; choral and Variations.

ROSSINI. "Quando Corpus."

RINK. Selections from Organ School [13].

HESE. Andante and Finale in A.

GEORGE CARTER. Introduction and Last chorus,—

Sinfonia Cantata [2].

HENRY CARTER. Fugue in A [2].

## Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE  
**LATEST MUSIC,**  
 Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

In Shadow Land. 4. E minor, major to e. Pinsuti. 40

"She folds her work, and lays it by,  
 And sees again around her stand  
 Her loved and lost in shadow land."

Very beautiful. Cleo Pinsuti has the happy tact of combining the elegance and easy flow of Italian melodies, with some of the best poetry in our own language.

The Night has a thousand Eyes. 4. F to f. Boott. 30

"The light of the bright day dies,  
 Dies with the dying sun."

Fine poetry. Beautiful and accompanied with just the right music.

No Fooling! 2. E to e. Dodge. 30

"Oh, dont come fooling round me,  
 Nor with soft words confound me."

Lively comic song.

Thou gavest me a Flower. 3. G to e. Pinsuti. 35

"—in the pride of its bloom,  
 I hung o'er its beauty, I drank its perfume."  
 An elegant song, well worthy of the composer.

Our Spirit Friends. Song & Cho. 3. Eb to d. Ogden. 30

"I am dreaming, sadly dreaming,  
 And the lamp-light o'er me streaming."

A pleasant dream surely, and sweet music.

Sympathy. Duet for two Sopranos. 3. D to e. Mrs. Cook. 30

"Gentle, friendly acts of kindness,  
 Helpful deeds, and words of love."

Beautiful sentiment, with appropriate music.

Something Else. Medley. Song & Chorus. 2. G to e. Crowder. 35

"I've offered thee this hand of mine,  
 Why mid scenes like this decline?"

Lines that correspond in length and rhyme, and music that changes with easy grace from one tune to another, make this a very good and original medley.

Shall I in Mamre's fertile plain. Bass Song in "Joshua" 4. Eb to e. Handel. 30

Bass songs are not over plenty. This has already a reputation from Mr. Whitney's singing it, (and of course a classic one also.) Notice that it is a high bass (possibly baritone) song.

There's Room for me, the Angels say. 3. F to f. Wheeler. 30

"There is room for you in Heaven,  
 You shall join our little band."

One of the songs called out by the death of "Young Americus." Very pretty.

## Instrumental.

Coupey's Scales. 25

Simply the Major and Minor Scales, (to 7 Sharps and 7 Flats), conveniently printed in small type, on two pages, for the use of teachers.

## BOOKS.

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Mr. Osgood, well educated at Harvard College, acquainted by study and personal observation (or hearing) with the best methods of Europe, and himself able to give examples of the best modes of singing, is peculiarly fitted for a work which he has here brought to a successful termination. One can hardly turn over the pages of this fine method, without feeling that it is a great success. Principles are well explained, exercises sufficient, advice to singers very sensible, picture illustrations numerous, and very useful, and the "tout ensemble" very attractive.

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